Now afore God, this reuerend holy *Frier*,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurſe, will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, goe with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Goe thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deck vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Girle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet *and* Nurſe.

Iu. I thoſe attyres are beſt, but gentle *Nurſe*
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many Oriſons,
To moue the Heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and full of ſinne.
Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the *Nurſe* this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.

Iu.

Iu. Farewell, God knowes
I haue a faint cold feare thrill
That almoſt freezes vp the he
Ile call them backe againe to
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhee doe
My diſmall Sceane I needs mu
Come Viall, what if this mix
Shall I be married then to mo
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, li
What if it be a poyſon which
Subtilly hath miniſtred, to ha
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhou
Becauſe he married me before
I feare it is, and yet me thinks
For he hath ſtill beene tried a
How if when I am laid into th
I wake before the time that *Ro*
Come to redeeme me, theres a
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in th
To whoſe foule mouth no hea
And there die ſtrangled ere my
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death
Together with the terror of th
As in a Vault, an ancient recep
Where for theſe many hundre
Of all my buried Auncеſtors a
Where bloody *Tibalt* yet but
Lies feſtring in his ſhrowd, wh
At ſome houres in the night, ſp
Alacke, alacke, is it not like th
So early waking, what with lo
And ſhrikes like mandrakes to
That liuing mortalls hearing th
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be di
(Inuironed with all theſe hidio
And madly play with my forefa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34